

# **PACIFIC WEEKLY**

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**A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION**

---

**OCTOBER 21, 1935**



## **THE MASSES ARE ON THE MOVE**

**BY EARL DU FREYNE FRENCH**

## **SPEAK UP, BUDDY!**

**A WORD TO LEGIONNAIRES**

**BY R. H. JAMIESON**

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# PACIFIC WEEKLY

## A Western Journal of Fact and Opinion

VOLUME III

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NUMBER 16

### CONTENTS

Notes and Comment . . . . .	181
Lincoln Steffens' Column . . . . .	183
Look Out, Mr. Fleishhacker! by W. K. Bassett . . . . .	184
The Masses Are on the Move, by Earl Du Freyne French . . . . .	185
Left Unsaid, by Mary Page . . . . .	186
Speak Up, Buddy! by R. H. Jamieson . . . . .	187
"Together We Live" by Lee K. Strobel . . . . .	188
The Theater	
Chuckles and Chants, by Winthrop Rutledge . . . . .	189
Books	
Toward Elimination of Crime, by David Cartwright . . . . .	190
Reviews by Una Jeffers and Alan Campbell . . . . .	191
Correspondence . . . . .	192
Our Contributors . . . . .	192

### NOTES AND COMMENT

#### HOW SURPRISING!

**S**AVAGE attacks by vigilantes on law and orderly processes have aroused even the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce to a meek protest in its *News Letter* of September 28. It says tar-and-feather parties are "un-American", agriculturists were "wrong" to have taken law into their own hands, and "threats of violence" to a radical speaker were "wrong". The Chamber states:

We are in sympathy with the stand of labor in deploring violence, and we hope that, if and when it rises to suppress it, it will go to the root of it.

So do we. We agree with the Chamber's words. Let the Legionnaires look to their friends when they thus turn against them!

#### A CHRIST-LIKE PROFESSOR

**P**ROFESSOR James L. Hagerty, dean of the school of arts and letters at St. Mary's College, that institution of high football prowess wherefor and by which has been acquired the appellation "Gallopings Gaels", has a solution to "control population" which he considers much more advisable than Margaret Sanger's idea. He tells about it in an essay entitled "To Machiavelli on the Man of Politics", published in the current issue of the St. Mary's faculty publication. According to a news item in the San Francisco *News* of October 5, Professor Hagerty's plan provides for "death penalty on crimes essentially anti-social, instead of birth control". He says, according to the *News*: "The present demand for population control would be more effectively met by such action without the unhappy theological difficulties that face the

present methods." The *News* adds, "'present methods' being birth control". St. Mary's College is, we believe, conducted by the "Christian Brothers". We will be pardoned, certainly, for wondering what Jesus Christ would think about James L. Hagerty.

#### SO CHILDISH

**W**HAT is it that makes capitalists so barren of good arguments that they must stoop to the most childish and ludicrous deceptions to make out a case for themselves? This phase of their activities is, we will frankly admit, an ever-recurring surprise. No ten-year-old could be so childish. And the Industrial Association can afford to pay for work, brains, research. Can it be that their case is so bankrupt that they simply can find no ideological support at all any more?

Special Bulletin C-37 of the Industrial Association of San Francisco (Sept. 27, 1935) containing only excerpts from radical publications, with comments thereon, states: "This is how meetings of Communist-controlled organizations are managed and 'rank-and-file' participation is granted," and then it quotes the following sentence from the *Daily Worker* of August 30:

A large number of outsiders, armed with newly written union books, blackjacks, brass knuckles and guns, were imported to run the Marine Firemen's, Oilers' and Watertenders' Union meeting last Tuesday night.

The *Daily Worker's* editorial of August 30, captioned "GANGSTERISM", started off with the quoted sentence, and continued:

This gangsterism shows the desperate efforts of the officials of the union to maintain control in spite of the fact that the union membership is dead set against their class cooperation policies and the rotten conditions those policies have kept on the ships of the American merchant marine . . .

In spite of this official treachery, Communists say that the shipowners are the seamen's first enemy, and these officials merely pawns in the shipowners' game.

One might suppose no comment were needed; but for the Industrial Association it evidently is. And so we will supply it. Gentlemen, the *Daily* was being sarcastic! And so are we, now, when we congratulate you and trust you will keep on whoever you have now on that research staff of yours who shows up your bankruptcy so loyally.

#### WARNING AN OROVILLE EDITOR

**S**OME weeks ago we took occasion to call an Oroville editor's attention to his own imbecility. This week we have what might be rated as an equal pleasure in congratulating an Oroville editor—but not the same one. In his issue of October 11, Mr. J. H. Pank, Jr., editor and publisher of the Oroville Press, leads his editorial page with a discussion of the relation



of expenditures for educational purposes to the needs and requirements of the pupils. He bases his discussion on the fact that an Oroville women's club sponsored a party for the purpose of raising funds to provide undernourished school children with milk. He quotes the superintendent of schools in commending the women and saying: "It has meant more than mere health to some local children. It has meant life itself."

Then, Mr. Pank warms up to his subject nicely. He calls attention to the expenditures of cities for football grounds, handsome school buildings, etc., and says: "The idiocy of spending money for secondary things first while necessary things come only through private charity is a small portion of the muddled public thinking shown by leaders today."

Finally Mr. Pank demonstrates the fact of his mental superiority over the editor of the Oroville Mercury by closing his editorial with the following two paragraphs:

*The prime fact that would lead a disinterested observer to snort at our peculiar form of reasoning is that while this private charity must supply the "balance between life and death" to little children who have had nothing to do with our difficulties, the Federal Government is conducting a surplus milk program calculated to create a false scarcity for the benefit of milk producers. There is no lack of milk, but it is being wilfully withheld from the little children who must have it or perish, simply because a bank or some other agency must have seven per cent on a mortgage.*

*It is certainly a fine thing to teach our younger generation that this is the best of all possible worlds, and that every individual has all the chances for making himself president or what he will. It is, we repeat, very fine—but if these youngsters have any brains, don't expect them to believe it.*

We want to warn Mr. Pank that this sort of thing flared in the face of American Legionnaires and vigilantes generally. We want to advise him that his own bread will be more thickly buttered if he devotes his editorial comments to instructing the school children of Oroville in reverence for the Constitution, in allegiance to the flag, in respect for the presidents of Oroville banks, and in an understanding that it IS more important that interest payments be made promptly than that a craving for milk be satisfied. In other words, that this IS the best of all possible worlds and they must believe it, hungry or no.

### PROTESTING MR. BRIFFAULT

**W**ITHIN three days from the date of publication of Robert Briffault's "The Essential Lie of Christianity" in PACIFIC WEEKLY we have received two articles and three rather long letters, all in unequivocal protest. We can understand this; in fact, we expected it. It is our viewpoint, has always been our viewpoint, that there are no social activities, social beliefs or social convictions that are not in a manner controversial; that are immune from criticism, antagonisms and antipathies. Religion certainly comes under this head. PACIFIC WEEKLY has in the past published attacks by ministers on the activities, and the lack of activities, of the Christian Church. It has published defenses of the Christian Church and its methods.

PACIFIC WEEKLY believes that religion holds a paramount place in the practical as well as the moral advancement of the

human race. Whether it retards or promotes that advancement is still a moot question. There is no utter reason why it should not be discussed. There is no utter reason why, seeking to contribute to the solution of the great problem of civilization to-day, we should not open our columns to that discussion. We have printed controversies regarding it by those who steadfastly, however, remain within its fold. We have now printed the opinion of a man who throws it out entirely as a menace to social progress. That there would be repercussions was perfectly understood when we delivered the Briffault article to the typesetter. These have started to arrive and there are undoubtedly more in the mail. But one of them so far received puzzles us deeply. It comes from an active minister of the Christian gospel in California. It accompanies a note which reads: "With a certain sincere regret I am sending this after the very delightful visit I had with you and Mrs. Bassett last week. You will realize that it marks no failure in esteem and appreciation toward you both."

The manuscript and the note are from Robert Whitaker, whose esteem and appreciation we highly prize, but whose mental processes in this special case are an enigma to us. We intend to publish Mr. Whitaker's "Communism and Religio-phobia" in our next issue; it did not arrive in time to appear in this. And while we are notifying him herewith that we intend to do so, we call his attention to the fact that it is possible to paraphrase a quotation he makes at the beginning of his article. It is possible to say, and we know many who would say it: "There is nothing that will make a greater fool of a man than irreligion, unless it is religion."

### GET 'EM SOMEHOW

**A** NEW tendency has manifested itself recently in the never-ending attacks on radical leaders because they are telling truths about economic life no one else is telling (this is called "overthrowing the Government"). The political attacks, as in the Sacramento Criminal Syndicalism and other trials, were a boomerang because they were turned into instruments of mass education and protest. No one who heard Sam Darcy on the stand in Sacramento, expounding the tenets of communism, or analyzing American economic and political conditions, will forget those courses, and the ravings of the ex-whiskey-truck driver Neil MacAllister, and his three bull-necked aides (including "Red" Hynes) only made Darcy's quiet, clear, vivid exposition the more enthralling. Caroline Becker and Pat Chambers and their six companions, sentenced to Tehachapi and San Quentin for raising agricultural wages, are ever-present examples of "boss" tyranny and a flag of courage and encouragement for the further organization of workers and liberals. The breaking up of radical headquarters by hired thugs under police protection, which John Francis Neylan and employers last year boasted had "finished" the Communist Party in San Francisco, only served to draw in thousands of liberals who would have stayed in their studies and with their books, considering political action no job of theirs. These fascist attacks taught them that everyone is involved in such action.

So: needed now a new method of onslaught. And it has been found in the tactics of sniping; attempting to pick off red leaders one by one, and not for political offenses but for alleged or invented criminal ones! "Communists and criminals," said Herbert Hoover; "gangsters and criminals and



bolshheviks," says William Randolph Hearst daily; and someone said, "Not a bad idea!"

The following "criminal" charges have therefore been made against radicals in San Francisco in the last few months:

Sam Darcy: perjury. He said on one document he was born in Russia and on another in the U. S. A. Possible sentence five years.

James Branch: head of Workers' School, born in the West Indies. Facing deportation.

Juan Diaz: agricultural leader serving sentence of eighteen months in federal penitentiary for saying he was born in Hawaii when he was actually born in Spain and taken to Hawaii as a babe in arms. Facing deportation.

James Garrison: district educational director of the Communist Party, charged with assault on "the Major's daughter" on the night of May 1, 1934, when actually he was chairman of a meeting at the workers' club at 1223 Fillmore at the time the lady was fallen upon by a man in a mackintosh on a dark and rainy night in the Presidio. G-men arrested Garrison at communist headquarters without a warrant, stuck a gun in his ribs and threatened to "drill him clean". Dozens of workers present at the club on May 1, 1934, have stated that Garrison was there.

Louise Todd: convicted on charge of signing her name to petitions to put the Communist Party on the ballot, stating she had witnessed every signature personally. Sentence, eighteen months in Tehachapi; appeal pending. Six others, including Anita Whitney, are facing the same charge.

James Workman: miners' leader from Jackson, convicted and sentenced to one to fourteen years in San Quentin for "possession of concealed weapon in his car". A blackjack was "found" there by police, after they had had the car in their possession a while.

And then there is the Modesto "frame-up" in which eight men were accused of "reckless" possession of dynamite, who aver that it was planted there by stool pigeons who afterwards testified against them on the stand.

And now the Scalpers' Union hall fracas when four men, including the head of the Y. C. L., are charged with murder.

And while these things are happening in San Francisco Mooney is telling over again the story of his frame-up seventeen years ago by the same methods and almost the same

interests that are framing the militant and intelligent and loyal leaders of the workers today.

Those who have cared for the vanishing freedoms of the individual in this country must be aware of this new move and continue their agitation, protest and organization even when G-men, governments and military are the persecutors.

## LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

THE PRACTICAL leader of ten thousand Ethiopians who quit their side and joined the Italians was crowned king of the Blacks. Part of Mussolini's policy of civilization, no doubt; the beginning of the culture that knows how to pick the fit to survive.

ENGLAND, MERRY old England herself has quadruplets now which may not be as many but is as much as Canada. Shows what the old countries can do in their picturesque decline.

SOMEBODY HOISTED the Swastika, the flag of the German fascists, on the university grounds at Berkeley last weekend. It was taken right down for the present; many vigilantes don't yet know what fascism is, they don't realize that that's what they mean. Think they are loyal mobsters, out for law order.

IF MY testimony can be accepted as expert I would like to have it recorded that I say President Roosevelt is not a Socialist. He is that very American institution, a statesman, a representative of our popular belief that we don't have to choose between two sides of every question, but can walk blindly down the middle of the road. Evolution, not revolution. Charity, not justice. Profits, not distribution.

THE ASSASSINATION of Huey Long seems to have worked. We have cultivated a useful superstition that murder, like bribery, is bad and ineffective, but the disappearance of the gentleman from Louisiana shows rather finally that the eye-specialist who undertook the job really wiped the earth with our great American Hitler.

THE DIFFERENCE between the United Labor Party and an ordinary reform movement meets a difficulty and caps a fear. In practically all the municipal reforms I ever knew, the honest reformers soon wore out their honesty and became as other men. They grafted a little, within reason. They meant well, but were not fanatics about it. The United Labor Party is specializing, not in honesty but in knowledge, and it cannot get tired and stop because its goal is very far off. The achievements of this reform administration, if successful, would be but the beginnings; the unattainable objects of a complete change would stick up into the future and make the most that the United Labor Party might do look like a bagatelle. There would always be something else to stand for. And that THIS Labor Party would go on over triumphs to stand for the ultimate of honest self-government is assured by the fact that back of it and with it stands the Communist Party, which is

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the only party in the whole world and in human history that has done it.

That is what is new in this Labor Party and in this San Francisco reform movement, an organized group of men who are acquainted with a successful experiment in actual government that worked. No mere idealism in the United Labor Party. San Francisco should rejoice and vote for a ticket of candidates that can't get through, that will always have to work ahead.

MR. EDWARD KUSTER is managing fast toward a theatre of which one can say: If you see it at the Filmarte it is good. Not there yet; he takes some things to keep going, but he is doing better than anyone else. Book publishers fall into the same ditch; they start out to put out nothing but "firsts", but a "second" or two creep in. Kuster has one big advantage; he can cast out all the "firsts" that the trade grabs and has to be careful only of the "seconds". Chapayev is, so far, his masterpiece and the big houses didn't want that: a Russian movie that didn't have a whore in it, not one.



## LOOK OUT, MR. FLEISHHACKER!

I HEARD something in San Francisco Sunday evening of last week. I heard ten persons say things that they meant with all their hearts; things that were honest, straightforward, frank and earnest. There was no cant, no quibbling, no ostentation, no silly ranting. They were candidates for office; but they were not politicians. They were telling what they knew and they were offering to devote themselves to the task of taking the government of San Francisco from political and financial exploiters and giving it back to the people to whom it belonged.

I saw something in San Francisco Sunday evening of last week. I saw 350 people with the light of determination and understanding in their eyes. I saw them react with unfeigned and unqualified enthusiasm to the words of the ten speakers. I saw them laugh and I saw them frown, but I saw also a mirror of their potential might in their eyes and their resolve to register their will at the polls next month in a manner that will stun the element that now controls the civic destinies of some 600,000 citizens of San Francisco.

The banquet tendered to the candidates of the United Labor Ticket by the International Workers' Order was no afternoon tea. It was a serious and a definitely pertinent affair. It was a representative gathering of men and women who work with their hands and who are learning to use their heads. It was, by and large, an ill omen for the Fleishhacker dictatorship in San Francisco, for the Industrial Association, for the fascist Committee of One Thousand, for the whole kit 'n kaboodle of financial interests who are seeking to

destroy the power of labor, seeking to break the ranks of the militant workers, seeking to undermine the increasingly effective efforts of those who want fair dealing between employer and employee and an opportunity for the unpossessed to live in happiness and comfort.

It was an inspiring gathering from every standpoint. There were so pleasantly absent the usual suave inanities of the political meeting when candidates feel that their safest move is to say little of practical importance, but rather to send their hearers away with good feelings only and nothing in the nature of mental stimulation to arrest or retard their slumbers.

Harry Bridges said things he knew to be true; appealed for remedies he knew were sure and necessary; outlined facts that were surprising in their truth and clarity, and offered his continued efforts in the battle against exploitation of the workers who looked to him for vigilance and leadership in their struggle for fair treatment and a fair wage.

Ben Legere said things he knew to be true. He told of the constant and frantic efforts of the capitalist-controlled radio, the capitalist-controlled press, to throttle all publicity for the United Labor Ticket. But he told, also, how efforts as constant, and perhaps as frantic, were getting the truth over to the voters of San Francisco.

Redfern Mason, candidate for mayor, mild of appearance but virile of speech, gave his assurance of bravery of effort and honesty of purpose were he named mayor of San Francisco. And there was something about the man, something that penetrated into the minds and hearts of his listeners that told them of his sincerity and assured them of his nobility.

Unquestionably there will be a stunning surprise on the morning after election day in San Francisco next month. Those 350 men and women at that I. W. O. banquet went forth with renewed determination to crown their efforts with success. Volunteers, all of them; working only for a cause, in protest at things as they are, they have twice the power, three times the persistence of the paid workers of their political foes. Anybody can work for pay, only a scab will work for unfair pay—but it takes a nobleman to work for nothing. That sort of labor spells victory and victory was in the air that Sunday evening.

It is amusing to a veteran newspaperman to watch the tactics of the San Francisco newspapers in this municipal campaign. Only at rare intervals do the readers of any of the daily papers learn that there is a United Labor Ticket in the field. A campaign of silence has been decided upon and to the credit of those who so decided, it should be said that the most effective means are being employed to defeat a ticket. Dastardly, of course, but what else can one expect of the daily press of San Francisco? Fraud, too, because the paid subscribers of a newspaper are entitled to the news they are paying for, whether or not it happens to be distasteful to the editors and owners of the newspapers. Desperate, without doubt, because it so plainly indicates the fear of possible success for the United Labor Ticket.

But that will not stem the wave of protest which will be registered at the polls next month. That wave to-day is rolling up its volume and it will crash high when it reaches the shore. The chances are better than even that it will shatter a rock already crumbling through its own vile disintegration.

—W. K. BASSETT



# THE MASSES ARE ON THE MOVE

BY EARL DU FREYNE FRENCH

**W**HAT is happening to the Epic Movement in California is, I think, a fair indication of what will follow Epic all over America. The heart of the movement is swinging rapidly leftward. From an almost frantic fear of being called radical during 1934, a multitude of Epics have recently adopted a to-hell-with-your-opinion attitude, which really warms the cockles of your heart. A metamorphosis is taking place which promises great things hereafter. For one thing, Sinclair is now under fire. This is not important in itself, but it is certainly important that it is effecting a culling out of the revolutionary from the hero-worshipping, fascist timber. How revolutionary Sinclair is himself, I do not presume to know. At present his task is that of the propagandist—is to awaken the masses and prepare them for greater things to come. As a propagandist, his work is pretty well cut out, his tactics dictated by existing conditions; and for him to fail to carry this through to completion would be to soldier on the job. I cannot personally take part in the now popular denunciation of Sinclair for his mishandling of the California situation in 1935. Last year was the time for that. His work now is finished here; he has taught the masses all a propagandist can hope to teach them. From now on his efforts (and those of the *Epic News*) must be directed toward the nation at large; while it is for the revolutionists to take up the work where Sinclair leaves off.

Now it is granted that one can collect much evidence for proving that Sinclair is not a revolutionist. But, suppose he is not, what of it? Remember Sinclair remained thirty years in the Socialist Party. Really you should not expect too much from the man!

But to return to the metamorphosis of the Epic Movement. In my district the movement is now definitely divided into two general camps: a minor one which is still booming for Epic, errors and all; and a larger, though yet unorganized one, which is demanding the right to "go all the way". The composition of the two groups is an enlightening study.

One can almost, though not quite, divide the movement into the old ex-Socialists who for years gathered in little mutual admiration societies; and the recent arrivals into the radical movement, who are convinced that movements should actually move. Yet this division is not quite true to the facts. A few of the ex-Socialists have become revolutionists, while some of the late arrivals have become "Socialists". Still, thus presented, it indicates something of the state of affairs within the Epic Movement of California.

The culling process is now well under way. The Epic Clubs more and more becoming "Socialist Locals" where people dramatize their emotions, make grand gestures, pass heroic resolutions, wax enthusiastic for the moment, then forget it all and go home, feeling they have done a damned good job of it.

Among the lefts this is becoming a stock objection to the Epic Movement. An active young man recently complained bitterly about the ex-Socialists in his club, who attend meeting after meeting and waste so much time they are driving everyone else away. It is impossible to get rid of these talkers. They are members of the End Poverty League, pay their dues, believe in Sinclair with the same simple faith they once

believed in Gene Deba, and have full right to vote, speak, and resolve. The only alternative, therefore, is for the revolutionaries to drop out of the old movement, and launch one of their own.

And they are withdrawing rapidly, becoming active in other things. Sinclair's instincts were sound when they led him to attempt to sabotage the P. F. U. Conference. This was the beginning of a hostile move. Though Sinclair was all wet when he imagined there was anything he could do about it. His "loyal" followers will follow him—even into the ocean. Whereas many others, who are not so "loyal", will follow nowhere but into an abolition of capitalism; and it is extremely doubtful if he is engineer enough to provide all the necessary equipment for demolishing the capitalist fortress. Therefore the heart of the movement is going into other things—the labor party, the united front, the co-ops, the youth congress, the labor movement, and even the Democratic Party. The Epic Movement proper is losing the energetic and intelligent. The epitaphs and talkers are driving them out. The problem now is one of reorganizing them into a truly revolutionary organization.

The beginning of such an organization, I think, has been made in San Francisco—a revolutionary political organization (indeed, if it is revolutionary) based upon local conditions, which may be later welded into a state and national movement. Such organizations can be built rapidly in the large population centers where progressive sentiment is fully aroused.

Moreover, a new ruling class will be accepted only when it has demonstrated its ability to organize itself and take power, and to use that power after taking it. Sinclair's Epic Movement (and it was Sinclair's movement, have no doubt about it) took the Democratic Party, and did not have the slightest idea of what to do with it. If it had taken California, I firmly believe it would have been in the same kind of a predicament. Indeed, the Social Democrats throughout the world, where they have been successful, have made the same error, and thereby disqualified themselves as a prospective ruling class. Municipal governments, however, can be captured by the revolutionary forces. Reds can be put into office, kept there, and made the masters of municipal affairs. And without much difficulty municipal organizations can be united, as the American Colonists were united, into a new ruling class to capture state and nation.

There are problems, two very tough ones, to be sure, in the way of such a movement. The first is that of adequate theory by which to direct revolutionary practice. The second is the back country—the rural sections and small towns.

The problem of theory is especially important in any section where there are no outstanding leaders whose forces can be merged, and whose prestige can be used as a rallying point—San Diego, for example. Though we have here a large percentage of progressive people, San Diego lacks woefully commanding figures; and consequently the reactionaries are returned repeatedly to office, even though nearly everyone distrusts them. We cannot, therefore, build around men, around leaders. We must, perforce, tackle the matter the hard (and, in the long run, the safer) way—through building a solid organization upon a sound basis of principle, and come



into power through well disciplined, cooperative effort. Literally we must create a new ruling class.

Los Angeles, being the headquarters of the Epic Movement, therefore more seriously divided between the propaganda and revolutionary Epic wings, is somewhat in the same position. A sound working theory, I think, would repair this division by separating the talkers from the workers without causing any undue resentment. There is, moreover, a natural division here in the very nature of the work to be done. The propagandist's job is mainly to discredit the status quo in the minds of the masses, and whip them into the mood of doing something about it all. The revolutionist's job, on the other hand, is doing that something. The propagandist is primarily a talker, an agitator; the revolutionist is primarily a worker, a builder. As matters stand now this division is not sufficiently recognized, and consequently, as ever, the rights and lefts are apt to get in each other's hair.

In a measure the rural problem is also one of theory. San Francisco can be captured; Los Angeles can be captured; San Diego can be captured, and a few other places. But there must remain a large, populous section of the state still under reactionary control until ways and means can be devised of routing them. This may prove a tough problem, but not an impossible one.

In conclusion, it may be argued, naturally, that there is no longer any problem of theory, that it is all settled, that all one has to do is join such and such a party, believe blindly in its principles and trust in God, or Sinclair. Recently I have received this pleasant message from representatives of three different radical parties, not to mention the Sinclairites—namely, the Workers Party, the Socialist Labor Party, and the well known C. P. Unfortunately, facts do not bear these fellows out. The Workers Party is too new and inexperienced—"too theoretical", as the "practical" business man would say. The S. L. P. is too narrow, too afraid it will be accused of advocating reforms. While finally, the C. P. still has the job of trying to live down a somewhat disreputable past. Apparently it is sincere to-day in its desire to unite with other groups. Even so, the time was not long ago when it made promises all too lightly—an error in judgment serious enough to warn one against accepting it blindly.

Moreover, the entire history of radicalism in America clearly indicates that only now are we beginning to get down to the serious business of revolution. Whether we like it or not, our entire past, except for its incidental propaganda value, is a sordid continuum of errors; and our future, to a large measure, must depend upon our ability to break with the past, and to approach the revolution with open eyes.

And that this will be done, have no doubts. The masses are definitely on the move in California, and to some extent throughout America. Epic is being deserted by the very people who made it, the active workers who intend to do something more than talk about revolution. The Socialist Party is wrecked in California, is now parked in the Epic Clubs. These other parties can and will be wrecked in the same fashion if they do not learn to move on with the times. This culling process which is going on inside the Epic Movement will not end there. We are now in the midst of a revolutionary harvest: at last America is awakening. And anyone who imagines for one moment that the breakdown of Epic is only an opportunity to recruit for his own particular organization, had better take stock of himself, for he, too, is in danger of being left behind.

## ♦ ♦ ♦ LEFT UNSAID

**M**R. UHL: There is at present just one place in San Francisco, South Park, where free speech is allowed. If you were Mayor, what would you do about that?"

Candidate for the office of Mayor, Adolph Uhl, promptly: "I would broaden that. I would name other places." With a politician's unfailing response to circumambient currents, he went further left; conceded a number of places; finally, in a burst of generosity, threw in the steps of the City Hall.

The setting: a meeting of the San Francisco Chapter of Interprofessional Association for Social Insurance, a group of approximately a hundred alert, socially-minded men and women participating actively in the national association's program for genuine social security.

The occasion: The six candidates running for Mayor in the November municipal elections have been invited to appear and express themselves on social security and the safeguarding of civil liberties—now so alarmingly menaced in California—especially as these two issues center in (1) Workers Bill H. R. 2827 (the Lundeen bill) and the corresponding state measure, the Pelletier bill; and (2) local vigilante action.

Candidate Harry Todd, ex-Postmaster, promised to appear, but failed to show up. Two others availed themselves of the privilege. United Labor Candidate, Redfern Mason, for twenty years music critic of the San Francisco Hearst-owned *Examiner*, from which position he was eased out last year on account of Newspaper Guild activities; and Adolph Uhl, supervisor under the Rossi regime, several-times candidate for Mayor, self-styled "free lance".

Mr. Uhl started out with assurance, his booming voice filling the room with rolling generalities. But as question after question was fired at him from all corners, the speaker provided an interesting example of how completely a politician, in trying not to commit himself, does that very thing.

He opened his talk with the easy assurance he was right with his audience on the two main issues. He was "for social insurance" and he was "for upholding the Constitution, and against all forms of isms".

These preliminary incidentals thus glibly disposed of, Mr. Uhl launched into the real business at hand—a ready-made political address.

The audience listened politely, but waited for the first period.

"Mr. Uhl: you say you are for social insurance, but so is almost everyone to-day. There is all sorts of social insurance, including the Wagner bill. What is your stand on the Lundeen bill?"

Mr. Uhl "would like to see his lawyers about that"; he was, however, "for it if it was good".

"Mr. Uhl, what are your views on the Criminal Syndicalism law?"

Mr. Uhl, earnestly: "I think that law is too drastic. Fifteen years is too much."

"How much do you think is enough for free speech, Mr. Uhl? Five years?"

Mr. Uhl was inclined to think that five years was enough. He hadn't heard of the fascist Committee of One Thousand. He had heard of the Santa Rosa affair, which has been widely publicized in even such newspapers as Mr. Uhl might be in the habit of reading.

"We would like to know what you think of such action as lately took place in Santa Rosa?"

Mr. Uhl (with righteous indignation): "I am opposed to



the use of tar and feathers." Alive again to the pulse beat of his public, he went further and added firmly, though a trifle belatedly, "... to all vigilantism."

Growing restive under the insistence of his questioners, Mr. Uhl reminded his audience he was, after all, here "for friendly discussion . . ."

"I am in that happy position," he informed them, impressively, "I am in that happy position of being tied to neither labor or capital, but friendly to both."

He was clapped out good-naturedly; if there was a ring of

irony in the undertone of the applause, he was plainly unaware.

It was refreshing to hear his successor, Redfern Mason, take the floor and begin unequivocally: "I have heard of the Lundeen bill; I have read it; and I approve it."

As for Mr. Uhl, the reaction of his audience can best be summed up by paraphrasing the words of wisdom of the most penetrating of American connotators: "What you leave unsaid, Mr. Uhl, speaks so loudly we can't hear what you say."  
—MARY PAGE



## SPEAK UP, BUDDY!

BY R. H. JAMIESON

**O**RGANIZED during the immediate post-war period under conditions influenced both by the seemingly righteous fervor of victorious warriors and by the questionable motives of your organizers, your outfit is now approaching its majority. Have wisdom, sincerity and honor of purpose kept pace with your passing years?

From appearances the answer is no—a thousand times, No! Or is it an untruth from the Viper of San Simeon's lips? Is Hearst—the foul-mouthed and unprincipled scandalmonger,—your spokesman by your choice or has he corrupted your lawyer and politically-minded leadership to the point where they cease to speak for the great body of men who compose your membership?

Speak up, buddy! I'm sure this magazine would be open to your answer. As a veteran of the 5th Reg. U. S. M. C. of the 2nd Division A. E. F. I am curious to see if there are any rank-and-file members of your outfit who are allowed to say a word or two. All we, the public, ever see in the daily press is what your National Commanders have had placed in their mouths by some coolie journalist—some conscienceless slave of Hearst.

Professing to a non-political detachment of self-styled worthiness, your ordinary rank-and-file dues paying members have served well their invisible masters. The thundering silence from your ranks casts you in the role of "protectors" for the "existing order" and for the hokum labeled by the knaves of Commerce as "law and order". As vigilantes of terror—night-skulkers of liberty, freedom and justice for all, isn't there some one among you with "guts" enough to write an article for the press that would throw the lie back into the snaggy molars of that Hearst person once and for all?

What fun or satisfaction is there in being mere human stepping stones over which the top leadership gallop in their eager scramble to make political capital out of a Legion executive job?

Your banker-lawyer leadership, conniving inner circle "Kingmakers" and local municipal, County and State politicians have nearly succeeded in poisoning the well from which they were drawn. Or were they drawn?

Has any of your "leaders" been courageous enough to point

out that current economic and social maladjustments, governed to a great extent by political action, demonstrate beyond a doubt that the existing order is fallacious, corrupt and unmoral?

Democracy has degenerated to the handmaiden of corruption. National, State and local units of government stifle the will of the people. Every current political move affects the economic and social welfare of the great majority in just one way, i. e.; the rich get richer and the poor get poorer! Are you aware of this fact? Or is it verboten in your outfit to have an honest idea of your own? Wassamatter, buddy, 'fraid of being called a Red? Wake up, and read the Declaration of Independence. Read it all—not just the portions dished out to you by Hearst, Macfadden and "Foxy Arty" Brisbane.

Or are you all plutocrats that you should align yourselves with the black forces of reaction, prejudice and common ignorance? Only millionaires can afford to be so dumb as not to bother about what's going on around the world. They have their "mouthpieces" to attend to all the heavy thinking for them. Whoinell is doing the thinking for the American Legion? The lawyers at the top? A few wire-pulling bankers? Are you, or are you not, allowed to think on your own account?

Is General Smedley Butler, Ret. of the U. S. M. C., right in his published opinion of you? Is there some truth in the statement that "The American Legion is the riot squad of the plutocracy"? Are you natural born scabs, strike-breakers, vigilante brick-tossers, and comic opera paraders, or has the role been wished upon you by the Hearsts, the Morgans, and the other better-minds who use your name as a symbol of rugged Americanism? Speak up, buddy. You were not of such caliber in '17 and '18 . . . or did the uniform hide it? I wonder.

Because we were all dumb enough in 1917 to fall for that hokum of "Save Democracy" is no sign that we must stay that dumb eighteen years after, is it? Prettily lithographed posters nationwide declare you as the Defenders of the Constitution. Did your Post ever have discussions on the Constitution? Ever read it? Ever compare its significance with the words of the Declaration of Independence? Are your lawyer masters



AFRAID to read both documents at your meeting and take time off from dancing long enough to analyze the words and intent of the two equally important guideposts to our national future?

Are you fast as deaf and dumb actors in the drama of the years, the prologue of which is now being enacted upon the American stage? What are your lines? To ape the mountebank Hearst? To parrot the phrases of the Morgans and Mellons? Speak up, buddy. Are Fascist tactics good enough to use in preserving your precious liberties? Are you afraid of honest debate on the varied aspects of our national life of misery for millions and riches for the few?

Did you enlist en masse under the banner of Willie Hearst to battle and die for the status quo? Favor you the system under which we labor at this time . . . wherein under the nation rots, the people starve, and corruption in the high places undermines our confidence in the future?

Lincoln, Washington, Jefferson and Jesus Christ are all dead. Wake up, buddy . . . we face the future not the past!

Reminiscent of the carefree days of your youth, dare you now, and in the immediate future, think for yourselves? Or are you hoping to become martyrs of both the past and the future of whom 'twas said: "Theirs but to do and die, theirs not to reason why . . ."

To do and die—for what? For whom?

The determination of wherein lies your real interests may alter the course of our future history. Your duty calls for serious thought.

The tortures of both body and soul, the mud and lice of Sunny France, the blood and bodies of our comrades left on Flanders Fields were never meant to be symbolized by funny hats, parades, pinochle parties and dances, nor by dances, parades or funny hats.

Speak up, buddy!



## "TOGETHER WE LIVE"

BY LEE K. STROBEL

(This picture was originally called "Call to Arms" and under that title has been steadily bombarded by all the workers' and radical press. Boycott of it and the theaters which show it has been urged for over a year. Doubtless to sidestep such action the producers have changed the title.—Ed.)

**T**HE title of this picture is very attractive and 'tis evident it was made for people who think. Patriots who have been worried about the impending danger of a Red coup d'état, according to the Elks, D. A. R.'s, the Legion, and other save-the-nation societies, will rejoice to see the Reds obliterated in a neat manner and by an agency strangely overlooked heretofore.

The picture was produced by Columbia. The leading figures in the cast are Ben Lyon, Esther Ralston, Sheila Mannors, Hobart Bosworth and Willard Mack, the old stage star,

who wrote the scenario and took the leading character part.

Willard is an old G. A. R. veteran who learned all the answers to to-day's problems during the Civil War. We find him living quietly and very happily on his pension, with his three sons and two daughters, in a very lovely home. His daughters are very attentive.

There is no discord, economic or otherwise, until two of his stalwart sons go berserk and become interested in the problems of working people. When the old patriot finds this out the peace of the home is shattered and he lectures these wayward boys.

He tells them of how the West was taken from the Indians and other geolorious epochs of Americanism.

The account of these historic deeds goes over big with all the family except the two young Reds.

And there is another hellish influence in the old vet's home in the form of a cute young thing with a Russian accent who not only has designs on one of the boys but upon all American institutions as well. Thus the plot thickens, as the saying is.

The scene now shifts to a meeting in a labor hall. Here a strike is being brewed. None of the leaders can speak English. In fact, hardly anyone in the hall can speak English. Of course, this creates tremendous confusion. Everybody is wild-eyed, chatters incoherently, and flails the air with his arms trying to make himself understood. And the beautiful Russian siren eggs them on.

Taking this all in from a front seat is seen the old patriot.

He is easy to distinguish in the commotion because he is the only calm person there. He came to get some first-hand information on what made his two boys go Red. He certainly found it quickly. But he tries to understand. One may see this by the manner in which he wrinkles his brow. But how could anyone understand anything in such a bedlam of foreign tongues and raving maniacs?

Finally the old man can stand it no longer. He rises in majestic grandeur. Then he makes a patriotic speech and winds up by telling everyone present to go back where he came from. And all he gets for his logic is abuse, cat-calls and jeers from the assembled lunatics. 'Tis evident that the furriners can't understand him any more than he could understand them. This should have balanced all but it doesn't. The scene becomes even more tumultuous.

More shouting and fist-shaking. But the old vet is not afraid of them. One who was with Grant at Richmond is not easily intimidated. But finally he stalks out of the hall wounded in spirit and wondering why such a hellish horde was ever permitted to land on the fair shores of America.

He is so disgusted that he leaves the happy home that has been contaminated by the Reds and moves to the purer and more patriotic atmosphere of the Old Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, where we find Hobart Bosworth is the Comandante.

The two Red brothers are now blamed by the rest of the family for driving their old father out of his home.

The next big scene is a secret meeting at the workers' hall. Groups are being formed to dynamite industrial plants.

The third son (whom we have left at home all this while) thinks it is about time that he did something big so he now becomes a police rat and spies on the meeting his two misguided brothers are attending. After getting an earful the rat brother slips out of the hall and never stops running until he reaches the Soldiers' Home and awakens his aged father from a sound sleep and tells the old man of the diabolical plot. Now we get action.

Forgetting rheumatism, stiff joints and lumbago, all the old



vets tumble out of bed, grab their muskets and rush to save their country again. They arrive at the labor hall. The Reds were making so much noise within that they failed to hear the creaking joints approaching without. The Grand Army of the Republic dramatically enters the hall, levels muskets and dares the workers to fight!

Of course, the workers are unarmed, but what difference does this make? "Why don't ye fight, ye dern-furrin cowards?" the heroic elders shout. At this point some of the movie audience may have wondered why the Reds didn't throw the bombs, supposed to be in their possession, at the grey-beard vigilantes.

But, instead of resisting, the workers displayed alarm, and who wouldn't, with a bunch of excited old men fingering guns pointed at his midriff?

Three times did the patriotic old leader command the Reds to fall in line before they obeyed and were marched to the police station. Here, most of them, including the Russian damsel, were ordered deported. And now the erring sons of the old vet repent, and become good Americans again. This scene was particularly touching. The final scene shows the old man and his two reformed lads passing a flag pole. The old man stops, and pointing aloft, exclaims: "Boys, whose flag is that?" By this time I, for one, was so overcome by patriotic emotion that I almost shouted: "J. Pierpont Morgan's!"

The scene in the workers' hall when the bomb squads were being formed was so realistic that it carried me away to the time I was kicked out of the Communist Party for insubordination.

I had not objected to tossing bombs nor to carrying them around in my pockets with loose change. Then came the N. E. P. (New Explosive Policy) when new leaders with bushy beards came from Moscow and demanded that we carry a basket of bombs in either hand. I squawked at this and made the point that I was willing to blow up my usual quota of factories and rich men's mansions, but the baskets would hamper my running from the scene of my crime. But I didn't get anywhere. The Bolsheviks just threw me downstairs and out of the Party.

Another thing about the picture. I supposed that the Valiant Legion had already suppressed all subversive elements in the land and I know that they will be chagrined when they learn that the G. A. R. has had to take over the job at which their grandsons failed.

Liberty Magazine probably will award three or four stars to the picture for the patriotism and original idea presented.

## THE THEATER

### CHUCKLES AND CHANTS

BY WINTHROP RUTLEGE

**M**R. HENRY DUFFY, who has a pleasant habit of giving a bounteous quantity of show for the customer's money, is now regaling the playgoers with an exceedingly light-hearted and tuneful thing called *Anything Goes*, at the Geary. It's really a tremendous lot of fun, this *Anything Goes*, and there are spots wherein it bulges with impish irony. There isn't

much of a story, but somehow, because of the ingratiating antics of the lush Miss Shirley Ross, the droll Mr. Hugh O'Connell, and the energetic Mr. George Murphy, there doesn't need to be. It's about a gangster who gets on an ocean liner disguised as a clergyman, a youth who gets on with a gangster's passport and a maiden who gets on for decorative purposes.

O'Connell's lethargic drollery as the parson with the machine gun has something magic about it. The longer you watch him the more funny he seems. His wail, when captured, that he hoped to move up from Public Enemy No. 13 to about the fifth or sixth position before going to the chair, is strangely touching. Mr. O'Connell is a comedian of finish.

In my beetlebrowed fashion I found the antic of Mr. Murphy, in brushing his false whiskers seductively against the bare neck of a dowager a matter for excruciating glee. But since I discovered that I was laughing alone and promptly disappeared down into my collar, it may just be that my comedy taste is a bit off. Ah, well, I guess we all have our psychopathic moments.

Miss Ross is not only a work of art, but a comedienne of éclat and a most effective articulator of the Cole Porter lyrics which garnish *Anything Goes*. Her execution of the gay "You're the Top" number with Mr. Murphy is as engagingly devilish a caper as I can recall since those droll Frenchmen gave Mr. Hearst the Parisian equivalent of the bum's rush.

Altogether it makes a pleasant and antic evening. It is playful and yet quite grown up, and it cocks an impudent snoot at more than one foible which has been incorporated into that nebulous institution called Americanism. Among the song numbers "I Get a Kick Out of You", "Anything Goes", the sailor chanty and the aforementioned "You're the Top" are especially recommended. Mr. Duffy has dressed the show handsomely and peopled it with a number of Nature's most appetizing tidbits.

**I**T is cheering news to the devotees of the theater with something to say that the San Francisco New Theater group is planning to present *Waiting for Lefty* at the old Kamokila theater beginning November 1. The Clifford Odets drama, as you may know, was an outstanding dramatic hit of the last New York season, but of course, it proved a little strong for the stomachs of the old-ladies-in-pants who compose the Pulitzer prize committee.

It is a terrific slice of drama cut from the recent taxicab strike in New York, and San Francisco's cabmen need to know about it as much as Joe Ryan's New York longshoremen need to know about Harry Bridges. It isn't merely of interest to taxi drivers, however; its appeal reaches every man who works for a living and every woman who wishes her man were able to do better at it. Many of the players who scored in *Peace on Earth* will be seen in *Waiting for Lefty*. San Francisco undeniably is building up an opposition theater—is discovering some worthy talent in the process.



## BOOKS

### TOWARD ELIMINATION OF CRIME

BY DAVID CARTWRIGHT

**A**LTHOUGH not heralded in the commercial press, it is a matter of common knowledge to students of that current phenomenon, an evolving socialist state, that certain types of the insane, derived from economic causes, must today be imported into Soviet Russia for laboratory study and observation. That malignant contemporary disease, "dementia impecuniosa", is thus found out, but in only a single specific culture. In one political hell-hole Italian youths are being recruited to be poured into the disease-infested tropics of Africa; in another, Germans are forbidden to speak to non-Aryans and thrust into dungeons for listening to Moscow on the air. Brutality, unreason, the vicious will to destroy truth reign almost supreme in the fascist areas, while the Bolsheviks, the perennial menace to "civilization", move ahead to the solution of social and human problems.

But how is it, one may ask, that the Bolsheviks are able to progress, how able to achieve new victories in cultural and scientific fields, when the rest of the world wallows in stupidity and the inhabitants of five-sixths of its surface belabor one another with oaths and bludgeons? Dr. Callcott's suggestion\* that "to understand the theory of crime officially accepted in Russia one must read the works of Lenin" . . . (and Marx), might harbor a clue. It may just be that the communists will make better criminologists than we have been, because their body of thought logically unearths the basic causal factor in anti-social action. "Crime," according to the Marxists, "is caused by the exploitation of one class by another."

Had she gone into the Marxian theory of crime more elaborately, Dr. Callcott's splendid work on the treatment of the Russian criminal would have lacked nothing. In the theory of Marxism-Leninism, the rise of the working class, the revolution and the subsequent dictatorship of the proletariat, mark the first step toward the classless society which will be able to do away with the state. "The state is a weapon of class coercion; when classes have been destroyed and men, instead of being workers and owners, have become human beings with new social relationships to one another, there will be no further need for a repressive mechanism. Said Lenin: "There will be no need . . . for a special apparatus of coercion; this will be done by the army of the people themselves with the simplicity and ease with which any crowd of civilized people will stop a street fight of rowdies or will disallow the outraging of a woman." (It is not necessary to emphasize the distinction from mob law and vigilante action which has a marked class basis and a property incentive). All men will be engaged in the development of the social wealth and will share in its distribution, "each according to his needs", and needs will have ceased to be anti-social.

On the strength of this socio-logic, now become more

familiar to the ears of men, the communists take a different view of the criminal, if he may still be called that, and it is this view which Dr. Callcott undertakes to set forth in this work. An American sociologist, she spent a great deal of time in the Soviet Union, visiting prisons and camps, corrective institutions and labor communes, as well as courts and statistical offices. As a result she has collected, with remarkable efficiency, a wealth of factual detail about the present state of crime and punishment in the U. S. S. R., which should be read by anyone who presumes to speak with authority on Bolshevik justice. There are entirely too many feverish, ignorant and self-seeking "authorities" who know all about too many things. A volume such as this, if only it will be read, should serve adequately, by virtue of its scholarly method and disinterested research, to refute the contemporary calumnies about Red justice.

What does Dr. Callcott find? That there is no crime in the Soviet Union? No, of course not. What she does find is that the criminal in Russia is treated not like an outcast who must, perforce, spend his life in a jute mill or solo cell, but as one who has erred and can be set right. New criteria enter into any judgment of what is done with the offender. The question asked is, how soon can the guilty re-enter a useful social life and function as productive human beings. Education is substituted for so-called "deterrent" penalties. In plutocratic society the lawbreaker (unless he is himself a plutocrat) is hit on the head on the theory that the shock will make him behave. What is ignored is that the blow generally warps the mind.

Some of the most interesting chapters in this book (which I reiterate must be read, not review-read) are those which deal with law and the courts. They reveal much of what is coming out of the juridical experiments in the new land. It is discovered that mass participation in the judgment of the aberrant begins to yield a really human law. Tentative freedom in the places of detainment points to a new understanding of social responsibility. On evidence, courts may become transient institutions, rather than prejudicial courts of inquisition, and punishment a spontaneous social act in time of stress.

There is still place for a really comprehensive work on Bolshevik justice which interprets the larger human satisfactions that the Red way affords. A young German girl, Koerber by name, made a start at it, but there is much patient explaining to be done. There are, however, two points of issue which should be kept in mind while reading a work such as Dr. Callcott's. First, a great pothole is stirred up in the Hearst and similar press about forced, prison labor in Russia. What must be remembered is this: in a socialist world, the labor of all men is essentially equal, socially; in a profit world, labor by convicts tends to diminish the intake of some entrepreneurs; ergo, solitary confinement and other forms of debasement. Second, there is the matter of class justice. One of the separate categories of crime in Russia deals with enemies of the state. In the hour of building the most heinous offenders are the would-be profit takers. If yours is a social world you are not going to hand over your logical establishment to hoodlums. Crime against the state has been against a class; it will become a crime against the people. Many a good liberal has had a cold sweat over the Kirov executions he might not have had were he a regular guest at our courts when labor and "radical" cases are on the docket. He might even guess that the pathetic hand-flappings and hysterical ululations of the Kitchens and Tchernavins represent only the desperate frustration of those

\*RUSSIAN JUSTICE, by Mary Stevenson Callcott.  
(Macmillan) \$3



who speak for the silent usurers and they who have escaped from the Soviets which alone can build a decent order, one which will exclude them.

## "UP AT A VILLA"

EUROPEAN EXPERIENCES, by Mabel Dodge Luhan.  
(Harcourt, Brace & Co.) \$3.75

(Reviewed by Una Jeffers)

LIFE in the Villa Curonia, set high on a hill above Florence, is the theme of this second volume of Mabel Luhan's *Intimate Memories*, although it begins far from there, with dashing escapades on horseback and a queer, rather hollow first marriage, soon ended by a fatal hunting accident, which left her free to sail away with her baby son to Europe, away forever from the "Buffalo hideousness". There follows a brief interlude in Burgundy, redolent of the vintage. One would gladly linger with her in that dim old chateau standing tranced amid hot vineyards, whose color and flavor splashed into the stone halls, where mellow tapestries hung motionless, woven through with the purple and golden harvesting of the grapes.

But soon she had married Edwin Dodge, the young architect from Boston, and gone to Italy, where for a decade the Villa Curonia gave some stability to their union. He was restoring old stone stairways, or in an ecstasy of discovery unwalling a great courtyard of Brunelleschi type (perfect cinquecento!), or cutting paths through the olives and dark ilexes in the garden, among jasmines and daphnes, roses and gardenias, whose fragrance Mabel loved: while she, with the devotion and rapport she feels to this day toward certain houses, sought out each brocade or Florentine lamp or bit of crystal that would give the perfect nuance to every niche. Her hungry energy expended itself in creating life and beauty in the villa; a frenzy of buying, an anguish of haste agitated her, and along with her the procession of people who climbed that hill; brilliant people, distinguished ones, eccentric poseurs and expatriates mingling with the Florentines whose portraits she has drawn sharply and unforgettably in a series of vignettes in this book. Here is Lady Paget pushing the raddled, deaf old Duchess of Devonshire ahead of her into the Gran' Salone, or regretfully considering the tragic case of that neurotic last scion of the Medici; here Jo Davidson, and the Drapers, and Gordon Craig, each fervent in his own adventure; or Duse, the noble folds of her draperies trailing, casts her doomed glance northward to the Apennines and enacts a strange drama with the hard masculine young woman who companions her. And that "small red apple of a man", Pen Browning, sliding away from the burden of his parents' fame, is revealed happily reviving forgotten patterns for the little girls in his lace school in Asolo, where "copper pots and kettles hung in a red-tiled kitchen, blue and gold macaws were in the garden, the servants Annita and Nina were lisping and laughing all day in the sunny house, and the love-letters of his father and mother lay in a carved oaken marriage-chest".

But Mabel and her supersensitive guests, with their frustrations and their jangled nerves, could never crowd out from her villa "the clustering, eager, vital dead", and so away . . . anywhere . . . away to some hill town to gaze on a just uncovered fresco, away from that house "created for love", and from that romantic silken ladder, never used, down which

Edwin might have climbed from his room to hers.

She has made a complete picture of the life of a group of rich dilettantes of the beginning of the century, feverish and self-indulgent, with mad exaggerated whims, who contrived to mingle fin de siècle decadence with the senseless speed of the twentieth century. She writes of them all with a philosophical detachment. She herself emerges by turns impulsive, selfish, provocative, ruthless. "Everything is mine that I can take!" Who else would so coolly detail the warm enticing and prim rebuffing of that "fragment of the British army", lean brown Colonel Roupell? Or the sterile episode with Gino, her chauffeur? One day last summer she looked up from the galley proofs of this volume and said, "I wonder whether anyone is going to realize that I regard this as a case history of a pretty disagreeable young woman?" —But she is betrayed into no apology. In this objectivity lies her greatest power.

What ended it all? Was it because H. G. Wells curtly advised her, when she asked about her son's future: "I suppose the place for a rich young American is America," or did some shrewd American foresight, born of hated Buffalo, chill her blood when she gazed about her? It was too like a page from Mallarmé . . . "thy Venetian mirror, deep as a cold fountain in its banks of gilt work . . . the old Saxony clock strikes thirteen . . . old tapestries . . . a lamp lightens the faces of an unhappy crowd conquered by the immortal malady and the sin of the centuries . . ."

But it was 1912; it was near the end of an epoch. Mabel turned her back on it all, she took ship for home.

## A MIRROR OF IDEAS

THE COLLECTED PLAYS OF W. B. YEATS. (Macmillan) \$3.50

(Reviewed by Alan Campbell)

THIS six hundred page volume of twenty-one plays is valuable not only because of its lyric loveliness and fine prose, but because it mirrors the ideas of a great thinker. There is a substantial argument at the base of even the most whimsical and obscure plays in the collection.

The comedies such as *The Pot of Broth*, *The King's Threshold*, *The Hour Glass* and *The Cat and the Moon*, while almost farcical, are pungent with the philosophy of a poet's mind. Gently but deftly, Yeats portrays the credulity of peasants, the stupidity of Kings, the tragedy of disbelief and the advantages of faith.

There are several plays based upon Irish legend and mythology, such as *Deirdre*, *The Green Helmet* and *The Only Jealousy of Emer*—told as only Yeats could tell them. Some of the plays which are individual fantasies of Yeats' but written in the style of the myths, are a trifle obscure, though the beauty of their lines evokes an atmosphere which more than justifies them. One of the most successful of these is *The Land of Heart's Desire* in which a faery child says of the Crucifix:

"The tortured thing!

Hide it away!"

Students of Greek Drama may find fault with Yeats' version for the modern stage of Sophocles' *King Oedipus* and *King Oedipus at Colonus*. I think it possible that their simplicity may make them more akin to the original Greek than



are several of the standard ornate and conventional translations.

Of the two brief plays dealing with The Christ I found *Calvary* (1920) too fragmentary, but *The Resurrection* (1931) profoundly interesting, particularly the lines of the Greek: "Every man's sins are his property. Nobody else has a right to them."

In only three of the plays does one find any reflection of the troubled times through which Ireland has been passing during the lifetime of Yeats. *Countess Cathleen* concerns a high-born lady who sells her possessions and ultimately her life, to aid her starving peasantry. Her foster-mother bemoans Cathleen's sacrifice in the following significant lines:

"O that so many pitchers of rough clay

Should prosper and porcelain break in two."

(Incidentally it is from *Countess Cathleen* that Gertrude Atherton derived the provoking title of her novel, *Black Oxen*—from the line, "The Years like great black oxen tread the world.") *The Dreaming of the Bones* concerns the meeting of a hounded rebellionist of 1916 with the wraiths of Dermot and Dervorgilla upon a lone stretch of County Clare. But *The Unicorn from the Stars* is more definite in summing up Yeats' views on revolt. In this play his protagonist is Martin, a country youth, who earns his bread by building coaches, and experiences revelations in dreams. At first Martin misinterprets his dreams and proclaims: "Destroy . . . destroy . . . destruction is the life-giver . . . All nature destroys and laughs." But after Martin has tried his hand at destruction and gathered disciples about him, he discovers that his business " . . . is not reformation but revelation. What I have to pierce is the wild heart of time." Needless to say this does not take very well with Martin's active followers, but they are won over to him again when he is shot down by the constable.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### LOTS OF YACHTS IN BERKELEY

Editor, Pacific Weekly,

Sir:

Your "Yachts in Berkeley" paragraph sounded ill-advised. But of course we are prejudiced, and maybe you know more than you printed. Is it the spending of the WPA's appropriation that you object to? If not, and since the money is going to be spent in some way or other, be informed that there is a surprisingly large number of boat owners living between Oakland's City Hall and El Cerrito who now have to drive as far as 10 miles to either the Oakland estuary or Richmond inner harbor, pull up anchor, and sail or chug another 6 or 3 miles (as the case may be) before getting into the bay proper. These yachtsmen will be overjoyed when there is a central yacht basin which opens directly upon the bay.

But that, young feller, is the least of it. Not having Carmel's beach, we have at present nothing but stinking mud flats on the bay. Come and see, three years from now, the aquatic playground, walks, picnic grounds, enclosed basins, and deep-water terminal for ocean traffic—as well as a crowded yacht harbor with marine facilities.

But maybe it is a waste of money. How, under the present

conditions, would you better spend it? We admire you too much to hear shouting of "wolf" when we can't see the wolf. Where is it?

Berkeley, California

G. E. Dean

### LIVING OFF LIVES

Editor, Pacific Weekly,

Sir:

I saw in the daily press that one W. J. L. Banham, head of the New York Board of Trade, has sent to the President a protest against neutrality and any embargo on trade in munitions of war with Italy and Ethiopia. He would not draw the color line against Ethiopia, but as that Christian land has neither ports, fleets nor blood money, what Mr. W. J. L. Banham really objects to is the "ill advised blow at commerce" with Italy. Now what "commerce"? The embargo at present embraces only munitions of war. So Mr. W. J. L. Banham clearly wants an open door to join Italy in the slaughter of human beings—a sport far more profitable than deer hunting or duck shooting. He wants to help bomb and kill for pay, men, women and children. He wants to obstruct the League of Nations in the new deal of trying to settle international disputes by discussion, not war. He wants to violate our law of neutrality; a principle we have cherished since the days of Washington. He wants us to betray the principle for which we have been the foremost advocate—settlement of international disputes peaceably. He wants to aid in provoking world war and wants to drag us into it as we were drawn into the last—by shipments of munitions of war. He wants to pile on our taxpayers a still greater burden for his profit. He is perfectly indifferent that young men will be killed, maimed, blinded, wrecked, and an overwhelming load of debt laid on this country. All that he and his fellow Christians may reap profit from the wreck of the world and what fragments of Christianity are still afloat.

Judas Iscariot with his pitiful little sack of thirty pieces of silver, shines in comparison. I fancy Mr. W. J. L. Banham and his confederate profiteers are the ones who cry "Reds", "Communists", "Traitors" at everyone who wants to stop war and fascism and to amend the Constitution. I wish I knew how many plain people—farmers, workers and the "common people"—are with Mr. W. J. L. Banham—and "Commerce".

Los Gatos, California

Charles Erskine Scott Wood



### CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

UNA JEFFERS is the wife of the poet Robinson Jeffers.

R. H. JAMIESON—a World War veteran who should have known better—says, "Civil wars are better; they're handier."

LEE STROBEL is a resident of Los Angeles.

DAVID CARTWRIGHT is a student at the University of California; his book reviews have appeared in national magazines.

EARL DU FREYNE FRENCH is a student of political economy living in San Diego.

ALAN CAMPBELL is a literary and music critic who conducts a book shop in Carmel, California.



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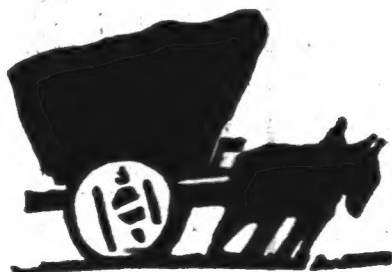
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## NEXT WEEK

### WHO IS AGAINST DEMOCRACY IN CALIFORNIA?

by HARRY CONOVER

### COMMUNISM AND RELIGIOPHOBIA

A Reply to Robert Briffault

by ROBERT WHITAKER

OPEN ASSIGNMENT: Number One. Help Wanted.

by JOHN WOODBURN

IN  
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